

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 241 - Two Hundred And Forty-one: Ailee And Allen - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 241 - Two Hundred And Forty-one: Ailee And Allen

*Chapter 241 - Two Hundred And Forty-one: Ailee And Allen*

The third point of view

"Alright, you're hurting me now," Reina cried out as Andrew led her to a secluded corner of the passageway.

He had been the one who rescued her from being seen by Niklaus and drove her home right away. But what she couldn't understand was the reason behind his anger. Yes, meeting Niklaus was not part of the plan but she could have handled it her way. Moreover, she's the one at the risk of being discovered, not him, so why was he furious?

"Andrew, let me go, now!" She managed to free her hands from his grasp but looked up to see his eyes full of anger, what the hell was wrong with him?

"He could have found you," He said, his voice taut with outrage and locking her in by placing both hands on either side of her.

"That's the whole point of this revenge!" Reina yelled at him, eyeing the prison he formed around her, "He finds me and the fun begins,"

Andrew didn't like the sound of that, no, he didn't want her to be found by Niklaus at all. Yes, he had been a douche by breaking up with her then and had seen it as a curse being forced to work for Sakuzi.

However, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise, he was currently educated in most courses he wouldn't dare to take on when he was still ordinary, young, inexperienced Andrew- Sakuzi wanted capable, qualified, and educated personnel around his daughter - and being a member of the mafia wasn't that bad.

He gets to go to places he wouldn't have been able to and associates with men of power as part of Sakuzi's entourage. Aside from the dirty works, being a part of the gang wasn't that bad; they get to rule the economy from behind, threaten governors who fail to meet up on their own part of their deal, and control half of the police force like they were toys, they had power.

But as much as that lifestyle was fun, it carries a risk far higher than the pleasure; he was at risk of losing his life in the hands of a rival gang, being betrayed by fellow gang members, or cast away by Sakuzi if he turns out to be a liability.

"Now, you get off me" Reina laid hands on his chest to push him away. As much as she has loved flirting with him earlier, his domineering attitude right now was a turn-off.

"You were right," He said.

"Huh?" Reina was confused.

"As you suspected, we dated,"

"What?" she was short of words this time.

"We were a couple and loved each other so much," Andrew drew closer, tilted his head, and kissed her.

Reina blinked, still not understanding what was going on while his lips moved against hers. They were a couple? like really a couple? Then why didn't he answer earlier when she confronted him about it.

Lately, she had been getting snippets of her past, and sometimes it didn't make sense or she was unable to remember the people in it. But Andrew's case was clear and he had just confirmed it. But the question she had on her mind was why now? Something was being kept from her. Reina might have lost her memories but that didn't render her dumb.

Andrew knew this was a lame move but he couldn't help himself, he didn't want her to return to Niklaus. He loved her and regretted what he did to her in the past and would do everything to make up for that. They could be happy together once more.

Watching her over the years, he had done his best to restrain his affection, but after seeing Niklaus almost get to her tonight, he couldn't hold back anymore and knew he had to act fast or stand to lose her again.

"Andrew," Reina pulled away from the kiss trying to make space between them but the guy was too strong. He grabbed her waist and pushed her against the wall.

"I love you, Maya" He confessed.

Reina went still, that name had been banned for years from her memory that hearing someone confess his feelings to her with it shocked her so much her jaw dropped.

She just couldn't believe those words came from Andrew. The man had been so cold and nonreciprocal to her over the years that she had gotten used to it, so this sudden affection was weird. What had brought on the change?

"I need to go," she tried to go but he still wouldn't let her.

"Please listen to me, Maya -"

"It's Reina!" She corrected him sternly.

She hated that name, it just kept reminding her of how powerless and miserably she had lived.

"Alright, Reina -"

"What's going on here?"

They turned in the direction of that voice and Andrew broke apart from her.

"You answer that," Reina pushed Andrew out of her way and strode past Emerald who didn't fail to capture her messy state.

"It's nothing, just a minor argument,"?Andrew answered and tried to walk away but the giant grabbed him by the collar, uttering in a low growl warningly,

"If I get your paws on her again, I'll smash your brain to a pulp," Was his threat, and pushed him away roughly.

Andrew didn't say anything, Emerald was his superior. After Sakuzi and his family members, his words were the law here. Though Andrew being Reina's guardian promoted him above the normal guards but that big man could still finish him off and no one would question that.

"Am I clear?"

"Yes, you are, sir Emerald " He lowered his head as a sign of submission amid the fire burning in his eyes.

"Now, get out of my sight!"

And he obeyed without hesitation-with a clenched fist.

When Reina got to her room, her feelings were in turmoil. She had so many questions and yet no answer, that was so frustrating! She hated being helpless.

She had no choice but to go into the bathroom and cool down her hyperactive brain with a cold shower. Fine, just forget about tonight and focus on your mission.

Reina was sure Niklaus would start an investigation after seeing her at the club tonight but she didn't worry anyway. He wouldn't be able to get any information from the club or any other sources. The man would only get the information she wanted him to see no matter how much he dug into her background.

Done with the shower, Reina had just donned a nightgown when the laptop on her bed lit up with a notification. She hurried to her bed, having a faint idea who was calling her by this time.

"Hi, mummy!"?Ailee's gorgeous face filled the screen- she was still adjusting the position of the laptop.

"Hi my sweet cherry," Reina kissed the screen which made her daughter giggle at her silliness.

"I miss you, mummy"

"Me too," she cooed when her eyes suddenly narrowed, "Where's your brother? "

"Oh, Allen?" The girl shifted the camera to another location which captured a boy sitting on a couch swiping through the pages of a book, nonchalant to the discussion going on.

One look at both kids and one couldn't help but notice the resemblance between both regardless of their gender and they were Reina's kids.

Thanks to the incident, her body had been too frail to carry not only one but two kids at once. So at her sixth month, a cesarean operation was performed and the babies were kept in incubators till they were matured enough to be taken out to the outside world.

Amid the myth that incubated kids were much weaker than the normal ones, her kids were an exception- in fact, they were much stronger than normal kids their age.

Though Ailee had taken her father's shade of brown hair, the girl was her split image, unlike Allen who took everything his father had to offer facially. Ailee was the more vocal twin and was quite unruly while Allen was as cold as ice water - he must have taken that trait from the father's side.

Ailee would rather be out there saying hello to the world and making friends till her friend list was full, Allen was keen to observe and thus, making him more mature than his sister.

As influenced by their background, both kids were intelligent since Sakuzi went all out in giving them the best of education.

"Hey, Nerdyallen, come say hi to mommy,"

And yes, Ailee was a troublemaker.

Allen simply glared at her, returning his eyes to the book - which was turned upside.

Reina scratched her scalp, sometimes she couldn't understand her son's mood swings. It would have been a lot better if he were as carefree as his sister - that way she would only care about compensating the damages from their pranks.

"Allen, nerdy, nerdy, come speak to mommy," Ailee said in a singsong which provoked the boy to drop the book and come over to the laptop.

"Are we coming over there, else we have nothing to discuss," He went straight to the point.

Oh, Reina realized, he was still at that again. She gave out a great sigh, "Allen, we've discussed this already, and as I told you, it's dangerous over here and my staying is only for a short while and then I'm back to you guys," she persuaded him.

"Sure," Allen agreed or so she thought,

"We can have this discussion when you're back to us," He sassed and left.

"Seriously Allen, come on," Reina threw her hands up

"Don't worry, mom" Ailee smiled at her, "I'll talk to Allen,"

Yeah, that was what she was afraid of.

*Chapter 242 - Two Hundred And Forty-two: Yearning*

Niklaus' point of view

Today was D-day. And no, it wasn't the day when I kidnapped the owner of the company Nirvana but speak with him. Oh, scratch that, it was her, contrary to my belief.

Princess Reina Armani

I couldn't help but grimace at that name, hoping to God I wasn't about to deal with some spoiled young miss who has fallen for me or something. Over the years, I've seen a lot of women try every possible tactic just to get me to date them - I didn't know I was still that famous.

However I didn't have to lift a finger in chasing them off, Isabella was there to do me the favor. Just a glare from her and they were sent running - after making sure to remind them that they'd be dealing with her if they dare marry me.

Nevertheless, there was something mysterious about this particular woman. No matter how much I searched, I couldn't come up with anything-not even her photos - almost as if she was hiding on purpose.

Further details showed that her company Nirvana sprang up in less than six months and was doing marvelously well in this city. It wasn't as widespread as mine, but taking over this place wasn't an easy feat either, especially with a company that young.

I just hoped I was not dealing with royalty since her name had "Princess" attached to it hence her need to remain unidentified - those people had to be dealt with carefully.

As I dressed up, I couldn't help but feel unsettled; I had butterflies in my stomach. I was nervous and there was this strange premonition that something huge was about to happen.

But why? This wasn't the first time I was having a private meeting with a woman - I've done that a lot over the years. To be frank, I didn't even have this extent of disturbing feelings when I met Adam after seven years.

Talking of that man called my father, I couldn't help but notice the odd relationship between him and Eden. Upon the fact Eden was currently the new Head - a dream he fought with me to achieve over the years - he was almost submissive to the man as if Adam got something on him. Well, that was none of my business. I had already done a huge favor by relinquishing that position, the rest is up to Eden.

I dressed up casually; donning a designer long-sleeved shirt paired with jeans and sneakers - and of course, my aviator glasses. I still had that unpleasant looking blackeye from that bastard who didn't dare to sue me. He knew it was a losing case anyway, he was the first to assault me.

I was the first to arrive at the restaurant which I cleared out for the rest of the day. I figured out the woman must value privacy and had to create a favorable first impression - the future of my entire summer collection was hanging on this meeting.

But when I waited close to an hour without the sign of the woman, I became uneasy. By chance, had she forgotten that she had an appointment with me? So I called her secretary who had set up this meeting and she gave me the same reply I received an hour ago, "She's on her way"

With that assurance, I sat back and ordered a drink, deciding to while away my time scrolling through some contents on the internet with my phone. I was so carried away

by various news and information on the web that by the time I checked my time, I had spent another hour idly.

This time, anger burned its way through my veins because it was now obvious to me that I was being played with. Even if there was traffic on the way, thirty minutes - at the maximum - was enough to get through it. She already knew she had a meeting and was supposed to have prepared beforehand.

That moment, I decided I was not going to go through with this arrangement anymore. How could I possibly change the mind of this uncultured CEO? I had already stood to my feet to leave when someone walked through the revolving door.

The first thing I noticed was a pair of fair legs in sneakers coming in my direction. Gradually, my eyes moved upwards until it rested on her face and I froze.

How was that possible? That face.

"Hi, you must be Niklaus Spencer. I'm Princess Reina Armani and it's a pleasure to meet you," she stepped before me, thrusting out her hand for a handshake.

That voice, how was it the same?

That face? Though it got more defined, it was undeniably hers.

"Maya," I breathed, standing up to my feet abruptly.

She was alive all this time? How was she alive all this time? Oh, I'm glad she's alive all this time.

"It's really you," tears stung my eyes, my hands going up to clasp her face- an action she was obviously not comfortable with.

"God, I missed you," I dragged her into my arms and hugged her as my tears broke free.

"Urm, Niklaus. I think we're mistaken here..."

She was still saying when I wrapped my arms tighter, resting my face in the crook of her neck which made her stiffen and cried my heart out.

It was really weird seeing a fully grown man crying on the shoulder of a woman but I didn't care. I was just full of joy, relief, guilt, and longing. I was so happy to see her.

"Alright, Mr. Niklaus," She struggled out of the hug, "This is enough. I don't know what is up with you but I'm here to... Umm,"

I must have gone crazy with happiness cause I found myself kissing her notwithstanding her protest. Her hands pushed at my chest, trying to pull away but I already countered that move by snaking an arm around her waist, molding her to me.

My hand traced the contours of her hips and though, she was fuller but the feel was the same. I kissed her fully. Mouth on mouth, tasting wine from her lips - oh wine, she never changed. She still tasted the same. Some things never change, do they?

We pulled away for air and saw the fire in her eyes. But before she could vomit the profanities from her mouth, I reclaimed her lips once more, I couldn't get enough. Something must be responsible for this. Yearning? Yes, it must be it

This time, my tongue invaded the interiors of her mouth, drowning in her taste, and relieving the memories of the past; recalling every memory we've spent this way.

She moaned, her protest diminishing without a trace which fueled the desire in me and I ravished her.

*Chapter 243 - Two Hundred And Forty-three: I Am Reina*

Reina's point of view

I wanted to torture that asshole, which was why I arrived even earlier than he did, and packed my car by the side of the road across the restaurant, watching him from there.

Truth be told, I was curious about him. The guy that used me and the father of my children, I wanted to know what he was like - beyond his aesthetic physique and all.

So I tested his patience, purposely wasting his time by sipping my wine and listening to the soft jam from my playlist while he waited.

Either that man has a lot of that virtue called patience or he was just desperate to save his company- not that I cared anyway. I didn't know what plans my father had in store for him but if it means I get to play with Niklaus Spencer like this, then I'm in.

So when I saw his patience had finally worn out, I decided to have mercy on his poor soul. Knowing this was the moment I was waiting for, I strutted into the restaurant.

I wore a white long-sleeved lace crop top that subtly showed off some skin with sexy black leather pants that accentuated my shape. If I was going to appear in front of that asshole after so many years, I had to look better than good.

With my blonde hair flowing down in waves, I walked over to him with confidence while he stared at me, mouth agape. He must be speechless.



"Hi, you must be Niklaus Spencer. I'm Princess Reina Armani and it's a pleasure to meet you," I brought out my hand for a handshake but his gaze was settled on my face.

"Maya," He whispered which made my heart skip a bit. The way he spoke that name sent excitement to my body.

He stood to his feet, towering over me which made me gulp. I was already contemplating adjusting this meeting. But I froze seeing tears in his eyes. What the fuck.

"It's really you," I saw the tears flow down his cheeks which made my heart hurt. I had this irresistible urge to reach out and wipe away those tears but I grasped my pants instead. I was dealing with a player and this might be one of the moves he uses to get women to fall for him - emotional manipulation.

Niklaus clasped my face which made me uncomfortable, my pulse was racing and I didn't like a bit of it.

"God, I missed you," He hugged me unexpectedly. Alright, this was getting out of hand.

"Urm, Mr. Niklaus. I think we're mistaken here..."

Yet, he tightened his arms around me which made the contents in my stomach do a backflip and my heart flutter wildly.

As if that was not enough, I shivered when I felt the heat of his breath on my neck and knew that moment that Niklaus Spencer still had control over me.

But something was strange, for someone who used me, he was more affected than I was, or was I missing something here. Yes, he was a player but his sobs were sincere and I had never seen a man cry this much.

"Alright, Mr. Niklaus," I struggled to be let out of his arms. This position was giving me weird sensations "This is enough. I don't know what is up with you but I'm here to... Umm,"

He kissed me, straight up. Lips on lips.

My eyes almost popped out of their socket while my heart danced wildly, what was going on?

Sure, I had expected him to be shocked at my uncanny resemblance to his late girlfriend or whatever she was to him but the passionate kissing? I did not foresee that one.

Sense reminded me that this might be one of his games and I tried to squirm out of his hold but he hooked an arm across my waist, pressing me flush against him. I pushed at

his chest unsuccessfully, instead, informing myself of the hard muscles behind that shirt.

I was in trouble.

Against my wish, my heart kept pounding against my chest while his hand traced the curve of my hips, burning my skin with his touch.

To my relief, he broke the kiss so we could catch our breath. However, just when I opened my mouth to give him a piece of my mind, he crashed down his lips on mine. Again.

Now, he pried open my mouth to insert his tongue and my body betrayed me with a moan. I found myself wrapping my hands around his neck and grabbing a thick mass of his hair, reciprocating the kiss.

We both forgot we were in a restaurant and the waiters had left us to continue with our actions since the moment he first kissed me.

My other hand went into his shirt to feel his hard abdomen, he groaned. As much as I hated to say this, this felt so natural and a feeling of deja vu fell over me.

"I love you, Maya"

"Do you feel it, it's beating quite strong and fast for you, Maya"

I pulled away from Niklaus as if shocked by electricity, the memory flash ending as well. What the hell was that.

"Stay back! " I said to him with a toughened breath and my hand raised.

To my surprise, Niklaus didn't try to force me this period. He gave me the distance as I struggled to regulate my worked up heart.

"Maya..."

"No, I'm not Maya." I denied it right away.

"Yes, you are Maya. Even if you try to look different with your unnatural blonde hair," He gestured to my hair, "I know every part of you as I know my body, Maya. I know you like the back of my hand"

"I'm not this Maya you speak of. My name is Princess Reina -"

"Spare me that bullshit, Maya Octavia!" he hissed at me.

"I'm not Maya, I'm Reina Armani!" I spat back at him with the same intensity.

His gaze was intimidating; his amber eyes looking like hot coals. Still, I didn't back down. If I could stand up to Emerald, there was nobody in this world that I couldn't look straight in the eyes.

"I'm done with this meeting today. Call me when you're back to your senses." I concluded, picking up my purse that had slipped down my clutch during our passionate touching of lips.

The moment I turned around, the hairs on my back stood on edge, warning me of danger. Regardless, before I could counter his move, I felt a pain on my neck and my vision darkened.

*Chapter 244 - Two Hundred And Forty-four: Who Rescued You?*

Niklaus' point of view

What have I done? I must have gone crazy! But the warning bells in my head didn't stop me from carrying her in my arms, walking out of the restaurant. I just knocked out a lady in broad daylight; a lady who resembled my late ex-girlfriend, no, this was Maya.

She was just pretending and probably angry at me because I failed in protecting her as I promised. I didn't ask her about our child - no, I was scared to.

It was still a miracle to me that she survived that fall off that bridge, but what if the baby didn't survive? I'll just be reopening an old wound.

Moreover, Maya was still denying her identity. I don't know nor understand why she would do that but I'll rip the truth out of her mouth. I had lived the last seven years of my life in torments and wouldn't let go of her that easily.

The thoughts of amnesia crossed my mind else, why would she vehemently deny she was Maya. Moreover, if she had really survived that bridge, then there was bound to be complications.

I don't know what happened to Maya or how she came to be Reia or whatever she calls herself, but amnesia or not, I would help her remember - no, I would sure she remembers.

So with that determination, I placed her into the front seat, helped her with the seat belt, and handcuffed her. Yeah, I was applying all preliminary measures here, who knows what she would do to me when she awakes?

I began to drive to my destination, her old place. Not only did she live half of her life there, but we made a lot of memories there. It was a place of precious and painful remembrances; we fought and made love there.

Not long after, I felt someone stir beside me and knew it was time to face the battle ahead. If she's Maya, then she'd kill me for this.

"You're awake?"

I watched Maya furrow her brows as she looked around and sat up abruptly when realization dawned on her.

"You animal!"

It's confirmed, she's Maya.

"I'm driving, Maya. So unless you want us to have an accident, you can go ahead and distract me," I told her while she glared at me.

"You're crazy in the head. I told you I'm not Maya!" She insisted, "Now, unhand me this instant!" She almost pushed her chained hands to my face.

"Relax, I'm not kidnapping you -"

"You just took me without my consent, what's it called? Adulthoodnapping?" she sassed without letting me finish my statement.

"Relax, Maya, I'm not a bad person- which you know," I said pointedly, catching her expression and had to say, she was good in this game of pretense.

"I know nothing about you aside from what I've read in the tabloids and seen on the internet. Niklaus Spencer, the legendary casanova- don't you think for one moment that I'll fall for your pathetic tricks," she said, her words dripping with revulsion with a hint of anger.

It made me wonder, even if she isn't Maya - which she is- why did she hate me so much? Why was she so intent on judging me with my past mistakes and behavior. I wasn't that same Niklaus, I've changed.

She kept making snide remarks but I ignored her, the comment earlier had already dampened my mood. I'll just open her eyes then with evidence.

We arrived at her place in an hour and not once did she shut her mouth up. I knew what she was doing, trying to get me angry so I could make mistakes. Once emotional, it was easy to prevail over an enemy. How did she even learn that tactics - there was more to the current Maya than I know.

"Don't you dare touch me or I'll murder you once I'm out of these," she squirmed as I dragged her out of the car.

"Sure," I treated her words like air, pulling her out of the car.

She looked around uneasily before catching a passerby and yelled, "Help me! This man wants to rape me!"

I scowled when the man who had almost passed us by, retraced his step and began to walk in our direction. Seriously, some people wouldn't mind their business.

At once, I pressed Maya against the body of the car, facing her in such a way that her restrained hands were hidden from view by my body just as the man asked, "Is anything the matter?"

He scrutinized us.

"Ye-"

"We're just couples having a minor fight, be on your way and mind your business," the dismissal in my tone was obvious.

Yet, this busy body didn't heed my advice, facing the girl instead and asked, "Is what he said true?"

As expected, the twinkle in her eyes told me she was going to jump at that chance and ditch me.

But just as she opened her mouth to contradict my words. I grabbed her head and kissed her instantly, sliding my tongue into the delicate muscles of her mouth as her eyes widened as usual.

I felt her struggle but her hands were constrained by the cuffs, making her strive not much of a difference, added to the fact my hands encompassed her.

There was no room for resistance; by the time my mouth moved against her, she yielded to me, kissing me with the same fervor as I imagined Maya would.

By the time I was done with her, the busybody was no way to be found and Maya was glaring at me - the intensity increased - but I didn't care. She can hate me all she wants but I'm not going to lose her this time.

"I hate you," She confessed with labored breath.

"No, honey, you love me-"

"In your dreams,"

"You're just so adamant on not admitting it,"

"I don't and would never love a player like you!"

My countenance changed, this was the umpteenth time she called me that already. Why was the girl so insistent that I'm a player when she claimed she hardly knew me? I smelt foul play at work.

"Who rescued you from that fall off the bridge?" I asked her without warning.

She went pale.

*Chapter 245 - Two Hundred And Forty-five: You Should Have Known Me*

Maya's point of view

Something was not right. Niklaus' actions so far began to make me question everything I've been told by my father and everyone around me.

Flashback:

"Remind me once more who you said is their father?" I asked, stroking the bump on my stomach. I could feel them moving and it was the most wonderful feeling. I still couldn't believe it, I was bringing in two wonderful creatures into this world.

It's been five months already since I awoke from my coma and had to go through strict surveillance. I encountered some internal body damages from that fall off the bridge which would have claimed the life of the babies in my womb, yet they survived.

Doctors claim the gods were watching over me hence a miracle I was still alive till now. But then, carrying the babies to the ninth month and giving birth to them the natural way would put an end to my life, if not theirs too. I had to be operated on earlier than scheduled - my body was at the moment, too frail to carry twins.

"As I've said times without number, his name is Niklaus Spencer," reminded Father, who was behind me with his hands resting on my wheelchair as I took in the wildlife scene from the balcony.

I was being treated at home and vigorous movements were not advised. Moreover, my father would not let my feet touch the ground for any reason- he had maids attending to my every need.

When I first awoke with no recollection of who I was, I was quite cautious around him even if he claimed to be my father. But that was until a DNA test was drawn confirming

our blood relationship, added to his love towards me - even though it could be annoying sometimes.

I could now trust him with my life, knowing he had my back. Moreover, he was the one who rescued me from that dangerous fall- as I've been told - and gave me this new life as Princess Reina Armani Sakuzi - princess of the Sakuzi Clan.

"How did we meet?" This was the first time I was asking for details about that man. The other times I simply asked for his name and let it go since I was more immersed with my babies and the recovery process.

"I don't know about that but it's a known fact you worked as a nanny for him and that was where he seduced you," Father answered as requested.

I gulped, "Seduced me?"

"Yes, Princess," He came to sit on the bench beside me, "You see, Niklaus Spencer is a very handsome man who had women throwing themselves at him without putting an effort. So he made it a quest to conquer you too because you were different from the ones he's encountered so far,"

I clenched my fist, the nerve of the bastard, how was I so foolish to fall for someone like that.

Father went on, "So he went for you even when he had a girlfriend, Christina Devon - she was your arch-enemy," he supported it with evidence from his phone.

I scrolled through the articles depicting me as a gold digger who came to ruin their relationship. There were just so many of them and harsh comments that made my heart hurt and tears fill my eyes.

"Princess," Father crouched beside me, wiping away the tears from my eyes, "I hate telling you this but this is to clear your heart of all lingering feelings you might have for that man,"

"I feel so stupid," I cried.

"It's alright to feel that way but not anymore," He said with determination, covering the top of my palm resting on the armrest with his.

"The person who felt that way was Maya. The personality who was used by Niklaus; toyed by his father; maltreated by his girlfriend and hated by the whole world was Maya, not you Reina.

"Reina, you are strong and the only princess of the Sakuzi Clan and Armani Family and we don't give up even if we fall seven times.

"So, purge your heart and soul of all guilt because it's your time to bring down your wrath on those who oppressed you"

End of Flashback.

Upon remembering that memory, I wiped away all doubts from my heart, this man was a master manipulation; he was faking all of this. Also, father wouldn't lie to me, why would he?

"Who rescued you from that fall off the bridge?"

I was taken aback by that sudden question. Why was Niklaus interested in that? Had he by chance discovered that I was really...no, it can't be, I've done my best to deny that.

"I don't know what games you're playing here, Mr. Niklaus. But whatever we're here for, you better get it done now I'm being accommodating," I tactically avoided the question.

He mumbled, "Even the way you call my name sounds the same,"

"What?"

"Let's go," He didn't answer, instead led me to a run-down four-story building.

Only the lower floor rooms were occupied by people I guessed to be the caretaker. This structure had seen better days which made me wonder why it had not been brought down yet by the landlord. This stupid landlord would make more money converting it into a better-modernized building.

"I bought the entire building after you died," Niklaus answered as if he knew what was on my mind. So, he was the stupid landlord.

He quickly added, "But clearly, you didn't die"

I rolled my eyes, he was still insistent on that? Doesn't he ever get tired?

"In case you're wondering why I did that," He turned his head to me, "It's to conserve our memories. I didn't want anyone messing anything up," He informed me with a smug smile

I snorted, was I supposed to be thankful or what? Yet that smile sent warm feelings to my stomach.

Gosh, I hated this. Fine, Reina, remember father's words, this man is nothing but an emotional manipulator.



He kept talking but I didn't give him an ear neither did he notice that I'd stopped walking after him. I turned my back, about to flee out of here when I felt a tug on my arm. Great.

"Obviously, you haven't grown any wiser Maya. You should have known me by now," He stated.

That was the problem, I didn't know.

But the next I knew, I was hurled over his shoulder like a sack of rice.

"Niklaus!" I screamed, "I'm going to deal with you once I'm out of these," Was my threat.

Yet he ignored me and continued up the stairs. He stopped at a floor and before my eyes, hacked the door and walked into it.

A strong feeling of deja vu washed over me.

*Chapter 246 - Two Hundred And Forty-six: I'm Not Maya*

Reina's point of view

Even if Niklaus lied about the others, there was no doubt that he was telling the truth this time.

Everything was covered with white sheets from the living room to the bedroom. If this was really where I lived, I must have been really poor. My current room back home was bigger than this apartment altogether.

I pulled off the sheet covering one of the sofas in the room, tracing it as my fingers collected dust and received flashbacks; I did live here.

However, my face was blank of emotion as I pulled off the other sheets, repeating the same gestures. I knew Niklaus was watching, regarding me and just a single emotion might betray my claim of not being Maya.

"So why am I here? To show me that your late ex-girlfriend was poor, is that it?" I asked with a hint of mockery.

I saw an odd emotion flash in his eyes but he covered it up, saying instead,

"Take a good look around the house, Maya,"

I didn't protest nor argue with him, the player was adamant on his claim, so it was a waste of saliva contradicting that.

This time I went into the bedroom, my sight settling on the bed that had one of its legs broken.

"What happened?" I gestured to the bed with my head.

He walked over to me, a faint smile wrinkling his face, "We broke it,"

"We?" My brow rose, interestedly.

"While having sex,"

At the mention of that, a tremor went through my body and my toes curled when I saw myself being pinned by Niklaus on that bed.

There was no telling if that was a memory or me conjuring an image of that scene. Either way, I didn't like what it was doing to me.

Father was right, he's a master of seduction.

"Mr. Niklaus"

"It's Niklaus,"

He corrected briskly, not that I listened anyway.

"Mr. Niklaus-"

"Add the mister once again and I'll kiss you senselessly till you forget why you're pretending to be Reina in the first place," Was his threat.

My mouth hung open.

Truth be told, I wanted to challenge him- there was this urge to push his button- but the voice of reasoning told me that I was dealing with fire hence, respected myself. This mission was too important to be forsaken for pleasure's sake.

"Niklaus, I don't know why you're doing this or what you intend from doing this, but it's not funny anymore. Release me so I can go, my people should be searching for me already," I said, showing him my cuffed wrist.

Niklaus gave me a long stare that made me uncomfortable, why was he staring at me like that. To my surprise, instead of him towering over me in the guise of intimidating me, he chose to sit on that bed he claimed we made... whatever.

"What's your problem, Maya?" he asked.

"I should be the one asking why you keep insisting I'm your late girlfriend?" I threw the question back at him.

"I love you," He confessed without warning, I went rigid.

Liar.

If you had loved Maya, you wouldn't have let everybody step over her like that.

"The past seven years were hell. It was so tormenting that I was greatly tempted to go back to my old lifestyle- it was easier to forget my sorrows with pleasure. But I couldn't betray what we had together and now here you are alive - against human comprehension - yet you still torment me" He was emotional but I steeled my heart, refusing to fall for that act.

"Fine, I'll tell you the truth,"?I decided to come clean.

Niklaus readjusted on the bed, surprise flashing across his face because he never saw that one coming.

"I purposely targeted your company because I wanted your ass back in this city,"

He scratched the side of his forehead yet he still waited expectantly for that particular exposé.

"When Maya Octavia fell off that bridge, the news spread abroad and that was when I got to see her, my late real-life doppelganger" I fed him the information I had plotted in case of a scene like this.

"Of course, I was obsessively curious about..."

Niklaus cursed and was on his feet, striding towards with dark eyes, like a thunderstorm about to pour at any moment.

My heart almost leaped out of my chest and I found myself stepping backward till my back hit the wall, still telling my tale," I wanted to know everything about my look alike so I -"

"Stop feeding me those lies!" Niklaus roared with so much fervor that made me wince, squeezing my eyes shut. He was so scary, I didn't want to look at him anymore. Someone should get me out of here already.

"Look at me! " Niklaus growled at me, gripping my arm tight.

"No, you're crazy! " I turned my face the other way, striving to be free.

"Look at me, Maya!"

"I'm not Maya!" I retorted and out of instinct kicked him in the groin which made him let go of him, doubling over in pain.

I turned to flee but he tripped me and I fell on my stomach, my restrained hands that were in my front getting hurt in the process. But I ignored the pain and pushed to my feet, the only goal in my mind was to get out of here; Niklaus has finally lost it.

But that player pulled my leg from behind, sliding me back to the ground and making me turn on my back. He tried to straddle me but I kicked him away.

"I'm not going to hurt you! " Niklaus yelled, grabbing my foot again as I attempted to escape," I just want to talk to you,"

This time, that bastard got on top of me, trying to subdue me from thrashing around but I kneeled him at his side, causing him to momentarily slip, and used that opportunity to get on top of him, choking him with the chain on my wrist.

I wasn't going to kill him, I never intended that. Moreover, if he were to die, it was not going to be in my hands.

"Fine, kill me," He said without putting up a fight, "I deserve to die for failing my promise to keep you safe, anyway. Take my life if it pleases you," He said through labored breath.

I was stunned, what kind of man was this? Was he asking me to kill me? He must be out of his mind.

I released him, yet didn't get off him as we stared at each other with labored breaths. No words were said between us until I picked up slow, calculated footsteps coming from the living room.

I continued to listen with rapt attention and heard something click. Niklaus's gaze and I met, seems I wasn't the only one who heard that.

As if we were communicated telepathically, we rolled each other to the side just as a hail of bullets rained down on our previous spot.

"What the hell! " I exclaimed as we continued rolling until we took cover beside the bed, bullets covering our previous positions.

"Keep your head down," Niklaus pushed me down when I tried to peek out at our shooter.

"We can't stay hidden here, he's closing in at us," I reported the result of my brief finding.

"He's probably after me," Niklaus assumed.

I didn't need to bet who that assassin was after, it was me. I was back in the city; the princess and apple of Sakuzi's eyes; the other five crime families wouldn't let me be - one of them had to be responsible for this.

Being a mafia or a member of the Mafia family was an everyday battle and Sakuzi was not exactly a gentleman - yeah, I wasn't going to sugarcoat that.

"I can not fight like this," I whispered to Niklaus quickly, our time was running out. I had been counting and soon the assassin would run out of bullets and would try to reload - that would be the best time to strike.

"That man is a professional assassin and as much as you can throw one or two punches, you're still not trained enough to take him," he pointed out.

So, he thinks.

"I love my life, Niklaus. So damn you,"

Because I was currently on top of Niklaus, I easily lowered my head and kissed him to his shock. Niklaus went completely still as I moved my lips against him before sliding my hands into his pocket while he was still frozen, bringing out the key with unspeakable speed and unlocked the cuff before he could comprehend what just happened.

"Thank you?"

At once, I picked up the nightstand with fast reflexes and hurled it at the shooter who was now trying to reload as I premeditated.

While he tried to dodge the bedside table, I covered the distance between us with that chance. Speed was of the essence in this kind of life and death situation, as taught.

My priority was the gun in his grip. As much as that was in his possession, he had a great advantage over me. We fought furiously and I successfully kicked the gun out of his grip at the expense of a blow on my face.

While I recovered, Niklaus took over and I had to admit, he was pretty good; matching and countering the man's every attack.

I joined him, working as a team as we fought against the assassin. I went from behind and wrapped the curtain above around his neck, tightening it with each progressing

struggle while Niklaus broke his arm and went ahead to render him unconscious with a blow to the head.

"That was..." Niklaus was speechless with surprise.

"Yeah," I smiled at him, "Goodnight,"

He was knocked out with the butt of the gun.

*Chapter 247 - Two Hundred And Forty-seven: Kingdom Of Lincolnshire*

The third point of view

"Mom, when is dad coming home?" Akim lifted his eyes towards his mother, Emily as she redid the dye on his hair.

"Don't worry, he'd be home soon," Emily answered, tears escaping the brim of her eyes. Her son had his back turned to her so he couldn't see the tears falling down her face.

It's been seven years since the birth of Akim and the death of Judy and things have not gone the way she planned.

Her relationship with Ahmed was on the brink of collapse; it was just hanging on a thin line.

It had not always been like that, but after she birthed Akim and developed some complications in her womb - she might not be able to give birth again- their relationship began to go downhill from there.

Ahmed had always been a child lover, so when he found out his wife might not be able to give birth again, the news didn't sit well with him.

At first, he had been hopeful that the result would be reversed with years, letting her undergo various medical therapies - some uncertified and experimental. Money was not a problem to them but Emily gave up, she was gradually becoming a laboratory rat and the procedures were interfering with her life and career.

That marked the beginning of the strain in their marriage; they would fight and shout at the latest confrontation which mostly centered on the issue of childbirth.

Ahmed wanted her to go further for the tests but Emily was tired, she was satisfied with Akim- but then, Akim wasn't Ahmed's. Her husband wanted his own biological child that would carry on with his legacy and property- instead of that bastard child.

"Mom, why is father angry at me?" the little boy couldn't help but ask. Though his father never raised a hand on him, his words were cold and harsh, nor does he spend time with him anymore.

Emily gulped, yet put on a fake smile, pretending to be clueless "What do you mean, baby?"

"It's almost as if he hates me?" the boy shrugged, his eyes connecting with his mother's through the bathroom mirror.

"And why would you think that way?" Emily held his gaze.

"You guys fight almost all the time and he normally calls me my mother's son. Also, why do I always have to dye my hair black?" he peppered her with questions.

Emily shut her eyes and reopened them with a deep breath, "Akim," She turned the boy to face her, "It's normal for your mom and dad to fight occasionally -"

The boy interjected, "You two fight occasionally only because he's not with you every day,"

Emily was taken aback by his comment. He was just a seven years old boy, how could he speculate that?

"Akim," She cleared her throat, " All you should know is that father loves you as much as I do," Emily wished she was as convinced as her words.

It was stupid to have believed a man's words. Ahmed had promised her a comfortable life at the beginning, she should have known that people changed.

"Alright?" The boy acquiesced yet Emily had a feeling that he didn't believe a thing she said. Akim was smarter than kids his age, she had made sure he was thoroughly learned.

"And my hair? "

Just when she thought he had given up on that question, she dreaded that the most.

She rubbed her arm down his arm, "As I said, baby, because you look too much like mummy, you need to dye your hair black to look like daddy too,"

Who was she kidding? Even with Akim's hair dyed black, he looked nothing like his father. The boy had inherited his father's blonde hair plus his facial appearance - his eyes were the only exception.

All of Ahmed's relatives knew the boy wasn't his, but it had to be kept hidden from the public to avoid a scandal. Ahmed was running for the presidential election this year hence had to keep a good public image. Thanks to that, Emily knew he wouldn't be divorcing her anytime soon - at least until the election was over.

Adam had also found out about Akim, but there was nothing he could do about it. Ahmed was not complaining, plus the fact Emily was currently influential enough to protect her kid. Moreover, the boy had crept his way into Adam's cold heart. As much as Akim was that lowlife's son, he was a boy - a valued gender in the Spencer Clan- and had grown up with Spencer's blood running through his veins.

"Alright mom," Akim, thankfully stopped with his questions.

"Wash up, you'd be late for school,"

Emily left the bathroom, giving him space to wash up only to bump into one of the servants who had come into her son's room.

"Here you are, Madam,"

"What is it?" Her brow raised questioningly.

"Sir Ahmed is back," she was notified.

"Oh," He decided to come home at last, "I'll be there shortly,"

"Alright, ma'am" she bowed and left.

Emily moved to knock on the bathroom door, "Akim, your father is back,".

"He is?"?his voice climbed a notch out of excitement.

"Yes, baby. Take your time in the bathroom since he won't be leaving soon, alright,"

"Sure, mom"

Emily doubted that, as soon as she left the room, he'd probably hasten up just to meet his father - if only Ahmed was that enthusiastic to meet him.

Leaving the room, Emily made her way to their bedroom where she knew he would be.

Upon entering, the first thing one would notice was the two-bed separate beds positioned in the ravishingly furnished room. For quite some time now, both of them had been sleeping differently - which wasn't a secret to the servants. Over the years, they have seen the relationship between their master and mistress deteriorate.



"You're home," Emily said.

"Why? You don't want me home?" he retorted, working on his tie which she took over from him.

"As if I have the power," Emily replied emotionlessly, loosening the tie and placing his jacket he had discarded on the bed on her arm, "You're just the one who decided to throw himself into his work, forgetting about his family,"

"Family?" He chuckled, "Do I have a family?"

"Do we have to go over this again?" Emily sighed.

"You tell me," He said, slowly unbuttoning his shirt.

"Can't you see, Ahmed? He might not be your biological son but Akim loves you,"

"I volunteered to marry you and give your son a sanctuary, but what have you given me, Emily?"

Emily opened her mouth yet words couldn't form. Ahmed was right, what had she done for him?

Ahmed neared her, closing the space between them, and ran his hands down her bare arms which made her shiver.

"We could try once more... " He lowered his head, breathing down on her neck, "Give the therapy a shot once more, Emily,"

At once, her countenance changed: Just when she thought Ahmed truly desired her, and not to coax her into giving the baby making a shot.

"Ahmed, I'm tired. It's been seven years already and those treatments are too cumbersome on-"

"Forget about it, then," He pulled away, cold air replacing that spot his warmth had covered.

"Ahmed -"

A knock sounded at that moment.

Emily went to answer the door, returning afterward to inform him that breakfast was served.

At the dining table, nobody said a word. A look at Akim told Emily that the boy had a lot to say to his father but the mom's indifferent looks made him swallow his words.

But the boy couldn't fight the urge anymore, " Father, I -"

"No talking at the table," Ahmed was brisk to interrupt.

The boy's face fell, he pursed his lips and continued his food while Emily watched their tense interaction. She didn't say a word knowing it would only lead to a hot exchange of words, yet the scene pained her heart.

Still, Akim was not disheartened by his father's cold response that as soon as the breakfast was over, he had approached him saying.

"Father, we have a fundraising art exhibition at school and our parents are -"

"Your mother would take care of that," Ahmed picked up his newspaper and snapped it open, dismissing the poor child as he settled into his seat.

"Akim, come over here," Emily called him over, "Mommy would come to your school later, alright," she threaded her hands through his hair.

"Sure," The boy tried to cover his disappointment with a smile.

"Take him," she instructed the chauffeur to send him to school.

Emily turned around intending to give Ahmed a piece of her mind when her phone rang.

"Hi Cecil"

"Hi Emily, guess what? "

Since the woman went straight to the point, good news must be on the way.

"What? I suck at guessing,"

"Remember when I told you that I have somebody who knows somebody at the kingdom of Lincolnshire," she said.

Oh right, Emily remembered. Cecil was adamant about creating connections with this mysterious royal family. She believed that with a relationship like that, their clothing line would go viral more than it already was - imagine a royal family wearing their designs.

"So there's this ball coming up for three days - it's their prince's birthday and I got my hands on their invitation- luckily. So while others would be finding potential husbands,

we'll be moving our business on a higher level. So what do you say?" Cecil added, " No, is not an option, "

"It's a once in a lifetime opportunity but I can't leave Akim behind - you know my situation here," Emily said of her concern.

"Don't worry, there's enough invitation to cover both of you. Now, get yourselves prepared, we'll be leaving as early as tomorrow,"

### *Chapter 248 - Two Hundred And Forty-eight: Return Home*

The third point of view

"Ninety-seven.... Ninety-eight...."

The crowd of onlookers counted down as the girl standing upside down chugged from the tapped key without anyone holding her up.

"Hundred!"

They all cheered as she climbed down.

"Izzy!" " Izzy!" "Izzy!"

The girl roared victoriously, beating her chest and splashing the remaining alcohol in her mouth out in the open.

"That was awesome, girl! I saved this special drink for you," That rat called her girlfriend handed a plastic cup to her which Isabella accepted, yet the girl was oblivious to the faint sly smile curving her lips.

"Hey, babe," Her rat of a boyfriend also appeared by her side, intending to kiss her but Isabelle pressed a finger against his lips, then gripped his chin to deviate his face to the side.

"Not now nor ever" she pushed his face away.

The rat of a best friend smiled uneasily, "Izzy, what are you doing? He's Kelvin,"

Isabella smirked, "Ooh, you must be so sad watching me do that" she pouted.

"W-what?" the fake bitch's voice cracked.

Without wasting time, Isabella took the cup and baptized her cheater boyfriend with it.

"Izzy!" the best friend was alarmed.

"I might be a bitch but I don't two-time, at least have some \*dicknity," she emphasized.

"Isabelle, are you out of your mind. That's Kelvin you're -" the girl couldn't finish the rest of her words, gasping from shock when a whole content was splashed on her, attracting startled gasps from the students.

"I can condone everything, but not unfaithful, cheating backstabbing bitch," her eyes roved over the both of them disgustedly, "Happy relationship pals, you fuckers deserve each other," She said and strutted away from the discovered couples who were still frozen from shock.

How did she find out? They had been very careful, having known Isabella was a very cautious and sensitive person.

Isabella, though smug facially but inwardly, was hurt at the outcome. She had found out about their illicit relationship while guzzling down that booze.

While she had been standing upside down, Isabella had seen her so thought girlfriend throwing herself at Kelvin and him tucking her hair behind her ear, and both leaving tactically afterward- one after the other. She wasn't a fool not to know what was going on between them.

Fine, before the end of the night, she would get a new girlfriend and boyfriend to fill that vacancy - they always drew to her like a moth to a flame.

So, Isabelle sat on the sofa watching the other kids party. One of the popular kids at school called the party and Of course, she was the esteemed guest. Isabella didn't need to date some stupid dork or pull a stupid stunt to be famous, her achievements spoke for her.

With her publishing company doing fine, a high IQ that made several universities scout her whenever she steps out, coupled with the fact she's a popular rich man's daughter, why wouldn't fame come to her? Moreover, other than that, she has her own YouTube channel where she videos herself playing extreme sports and millions of people click to watch that.

Isabella had offers to skip high school, going to college straight away, however, what was the use of rushing life? So she went through the complete school years alongside those losers who fought to stay beside her during exams.

But this particular night, Isabella was not at peace. Ever since her father, Niklaus made his intention of marrying Neon's mother known, her mood went down the drain.

Sure, she loved Neon but having to call Jennifer, "mother" would be an impossible feat. It sounded stupid but she didn't want any woman occupying Maya's place in her father's mind - that would be her burden for not protecting Maya properly.

The only reason she had accepted Neon was that she wanted to prove to Maya that she was a good kid - she would train Neon into a fine young man. Hopefully?

"Yo, Izzy, you should come see this!" She heard Dustin, one of the bad kids at school yell her name - she knew all the bad kids at school.

"Not interested," She threw her head back against the sofa, gluing her eyes to the ceiling while kids around her got wasted.

"Trust me, it's about your old man! You'd be so shocked!" the kid pressed.

Isabella wouldn't have bothered, but Dustin was one of the few kids who respected her wishes, so for him to be this persistent? Something must be up.

Isabelle dragged herself to the counter where the guy was seated and taking a whiff from his cigarette while watching a video from his phone.

"What is it?" She rested her chin on Dustin's shoulder from behind.

"Your man is so good at this," He chuckled, eyes on the screen.

What was so interesting about...

Isabella's blood ran cold as she watched the video of her father kissing this strange woman passionately. She should have known her father would never change! Not only did he betray Maya, but Jennifer as well?

Furious, she was close to giving up on the video when the woman's face came to view. What the fuck.

Isabella snatched the phone from Dustin's grasp who tried to retaliate but she turned his face away causing him to groan in irritation. They weren't friends but they weren't enemies either, both worked mutually.

How was this possible? Isabella was mystified. Even in her dreams, there was no way she wouldn't recognize that face amid the different hair color.

"W-hen? " she stuttered out of emotion

"When what?" Dustin was confused.

"When did this video emerge? Last year?" she didn't want to get her hopes high yet.

"Are you kidding me? The video went viral today," was his response.

Isabella's heart skipped a beat. If it was really this morning, then that means Maya was alive? Oh my God, she was alive!

"I need to go," Isabella felt like flying, her mind reeling with a million possibilities.

"Alright - wait, what? My cell phone! "

But the girl had zoomed off.

"That would cost you a lot," Dustin shouted after her but Isabelle was not listening, she had other plans in mind.

"Taxi," she flagged down one at once as soon as she got outside.

Once in the car, she scheduled a flight back home, it was time to confirm her fear. Done with that, Isabelle began to glance through popular blogs, and news to get more details about Maya.

"Reina?" her eyes narrowed together in confusion, " Born in....." she blabbered on, doing a background?check on that woman, "Reina Armadi, daughter to a mysterious businessman..."

Isabella couldn't understand what was going on, but whatever this game was, she would unravel it!

"Isabelle," Jennifer noticed her when she hurried into the house. But the girl ignored her - the current behavior-?and rushed into her room.

She would have let Isabella be, but the way the girl had stormed into the house told the lady something was up.

"Izzy, "Jennifer walked into her room, shocked to see her packing clothes into a bag in a hurry.

"Isabelle? What the hell is going on? " she asked, but the girl ignored her.

"Did you get yourself into trouble? What kind of trouble did you create this time?" she was worried and made it to her bed where her packing bag laid.

"I don't have time to explain any of this, so just let me be!" Isabella yelled at her unintentionally yet made no move to apologize, heading to the bathroom to get her toiletries instead.

Jennifer was not bothered by her rude attitude, she had gotten used to it over the years-that was Isabella for you. But the blatant disrespect started after her father announced their engagement.

The woman sighed, contemplating on notifying Niklaus of his daughter's sudden activity when her eyes fell on a cellphone on the girl's bed- there was a paused video.

Intrigued yet nervous when she made out Niklaus's face, Jennifer made the video to play and was shocked out of her mind to see him kissing another woman.

Tears sprang from her eyes, her hand cupping the sobs from escaping while watching the video.

"Seriously!" Jennifer heard Isabella hiss from behind and the phone was snatched from her hand, " Don't you know the invasion of privacy is a crime," She glared at the woman.

"Is Niklaus, isn't it?" she cried, "He's kissing another woman and that's why you want to leave... you want to confront him about it, I'm right, aren't I?"

"Instead of bawling your eyes out like a ten-year-old, why don't you dress up and go confront him about it too, why are you so damn weak?!" Isabella shouted at her, regretting her action as Jennifer burst into more tears.

Seriously, Isabella was irritated. This woman reminded her of her cousin, Annabelle.

"Alright, Jennifer, go and get dressed. Let's go and confront your cheater fiancé," She coaxed the woman.

Isabella knew Jennifer didn't recognize the woman from that video as Maya nor was she ready to tell her so- that one was on Niklaus. Moreover, she had her own mission to accomplish.

*Chapter 249 - Two Hundred And Forty-nine: Those Cockroaches*

Reina's point of view

I released a deep breath I didn't know I was holding in as Niklaus kissed the ground. If I knew meeting him would be this mentally draining and exhausting, I wouldn't have bothered at all - probably dragged this hide and seek game a little bit further.

Picking the cuff from the ground, I walked over to Niklaus and cuffed his hands from behind. This should teach him a lesson not to cuff a woman on a first date... Urm, meeting.

"And you," I grabbed the unconscious assassin by the collar and began to pull him out. Even if he wasn't here for Niklaus, who knows what he would do if he regains consciousness before him. Nobody was to touch Niklaus, he belongs to me - I'm the one to sentence him to death.

Once I made it outside the apartment, I was surprised to see more bodies littering the stairs, which could only mean that my people were here.

"You're late," I said to Andrew who was the first to make his appearance known.

"Sorry, we were a bit preoccupied," He dropped a body to the floor, "Hope you're not injured anywhere?"

At that moment I flexed my wrist that I had knocked on the floor when Niklaus tripped me - he saw that.

"No, stay back," I said to Andrew who had taken a step towards me, intending to check out the injury.

"I can take care of myself," I had him know that and brushed past him when he grabbed my arm.

"Don't touch me, you liar! " I hissed, pulling my arm from his grasp.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, confusion flickering across his gaze.

"The fact that you cheated on me and we've probably been apart for years?" I disclosed to his shock.

Yeah, being in this house today brought back some memories of how I met Niklaus and this asshole, Andrew. To think that he almost manipulated me into having feelings for him, what a bastard!

" You remembered? "

"I bet you didn't want me to," I spoke through gritted teeth.

"You need to stop being around Niklaus," He declared.

"Why?" I cocked a brow, "Because you don't want me to remember? In your dreams,"

"No, because it's for your own good. You might have loved Niklaus but you were never happy with him, he put you through many persecutions," He said, " And yes, I admit I was a fool to have cheated on you but at least, I treated you well,"

"Yeah, you obviously did," I sassed, pushed him out of my way, and turned around to meet Emerald again. The way his eyes roved between the both of us told me he knew something was up.

"Who's responsible for this attack?" I quickly distracted him.



"Riccardo Gang," he answered and though appeared nonchalant, I knew he still had something to say. This is the second time he was stumbling upon us in such an ambiguous position amid heated arguments.

"That son of a bastard," Was all I said and left downstairs, whatever happened between them - Andrew and Emerald -was none of my business.

I got treated in the car while ignoring Andrew who never took his eyes off me. It was pretty annoying- to be truthful- accidentally making eye contact with him and remembering what he did to me in the past. It was almost like watching a movie.

That night, when I got home, Father had shouted out his worries and made sure to rain his anger on the Riccardo family. This was their second attempt to hurt me - which failed miserably.

With father cleaning up the whole mess, I slept very well or so I wished, I was interrupted by nightmares upon nightmares. This time, it wasn't the same nightmare I had encountered over the years but a new one.

Thanks to that, I spent the next day cooped up in my room, doing some thinking and personal review of my current life. Some things Niklaus said to me were too important to be swept away as mere lies.

He claimed he loved me? Well, he did love tons of women in the past - I shouldn't be deceived.

But what shocked me the most was the leaked kissing episode from that restaurant. There was no need to guess that one of the workers from the restaurant must have leaked that video to the internet - not that I was complaining.

I just never thought it would go viral.

If anything, I hoped that Jennifer he called his fiancée watched this. Note: I was not doing this because I was jealous, but as far as I never had a successful relationship with Niklaus, he would never have one with another - that was my revenge, break his heart.

So it was in this process of rewatching this hot kissing video that I got a call from my kid's caretaker abroad. My brows furrowed together, who knows what those Little devils did this time?

"Hello, Zinta, what's up with the...."

"Something happened!" She screamed into the phone, which made me readjust on my bed uncomfortably.

"What is it?" I asked, my heart already slamming against my chest. I knew the kids I have and their ability to send someone to an early grave with worry.

"They somehow escape the securities here and already on their way to you.."

My soul flew out of my body.

I didn't wait to hear the rest and had already picked up appropriate clothes to change into in a flash.

"Father!" I shrieked to his office.

"Reina dear," the Oldman was scared out of his poor mind, "What is it, my princess?"

"It's the kids, they are on their way here!" I screamed in terror. My mind was so full of activity that I couldn't think straight anymore.

"How is that possible? How did they escape the security back home? I think Zinta might be mistaken. Perhaps they might be hiding somewhere and she misunderstood the whole thing," Father surmised.

"Father, it's Allen and Ailee we're talking here. They are my kids and I know what they are capable of and what catastrophe they can pull with their mind thinking together," I reminded him.

As much as Allen was the quiet one, that didn't mean he wasn't dangerous - in fact, he was the most rebellious. Just like a green snake in green grass, his doings were usually subtle; manipulating people to do his bidding unknowingly.

Unlike Ailee who was bubbly and had no problem claiming responsibility for her actions. So you could imagine what happens when these two destructive minds come together?

A nuclear explosion!

That had been my greatest fear, Ailee talking sense into Allen! Anything could happen!

This period, Father saw reasons for concerns - having witnessed their prowess too - and called on Emerald at once.

"What is it?"

"Gather my best men, let them look into every airport in the country - my grandchildren have gone rogue. Hack into every surveillance and database, contact my backers and check all arriving flights for signs of those two cockroaches.

"Don't hold back on my resources, neither underestimate their capability. Those young kids have been given the best training and education since birth hence they are a dangerous specimen,"

My mouth couldn't help but twitch, who was he calling specimens and cockroaches? Those were the kids I incubated in my womb for six months!

"Go on, find my amazing grandchildren! Chop-chop, there's no time" Sakuzi dismissed Emerald who heeded his instruction without delay.

I couldn't sit down, pacing my father's office up and down while chewing on my nails nervously. Why were those kids so damn stubborn! I wasn't stubborn! They must have inherited that trait from their father. Yes, that must be it!

Truthfully, I was greatly tempted to pick up that phone and inform Niklaus of his kids - I shouldn't be the only one worrying like a lunatic here.

It was probably Allen who came up with this plan while the bold Aillee helped him actualize it - so much for talking sense into her brother.

As much as the kids were smart, I still couldn't help but get worried. What if some gang recognizes them and takes them hostage.

Yes, I kept the kids' existence a secret but ever since we started getting serious infiltration from other gangs, anything could happen.

The double spies could have given out my kid's identity and they could be tracking them down as well .

"You're right, " Emerald came in to confirm our fears," The kids are really here and their plan would be arriving in the next...." He checked the watch on his wrist, " Thirty minutes,"

"What are we still waiting for?" I was the first to step out of the room, gathering as many of my father's men I could call on. If there was anything I knew about Allen and Ailee, they would hide out till my anger calmed down.

But then, I wanted to catch them in my furious state so I could bring down my wrath on them. They should watch out!

*Chapter 250 - Two Hundred And Fifty: Who's Your Mother*

The third point of view

The ride back home was torturously slow, Isabella was impatient. She wished they've landed already, the waiting was now getting on her nerves. Niklaus had no idea they

were returning to this city, not that it bothered her - perhaps, it would to Jennifer however, she had never listened to his words anyway.

Speaking of Jennifer, the woman had not slept a wink and had been watching that video non-stop. Though Isabella didn't exactly like her, she still couldn't help but sympathize with her - another broken heart in Niklaus's wake.

Isabella was hell-bent on looking into that woman's background that she had been scrutinizing Reina's photographed image for close to an hour while Neon slept on her body.

"Who are you really?" Isabella stared at the picture on her phone, questions filling her head with limited answers. If that was Maya, why didn't she come for her? What was the probability that the woman was Maya and not her doppelganger or something?

Thankfully, an hour more, and they finally landed in the city. After retrieving their bags from the baggage collection, all were set to go when Isabella felt a sudden pain in her stomach.

"What is it?" Jennifer glanced over her with concern.

"I think I might have to visit the toilet," Isabella doubled over when the slight throce cut across her stomach, "Must be that food I ate on the plane?"

"Alright, I haven't eaten anything yet, so Neon and I would be waiting for you in the eatery over there...." she gestured to one of the airport eateries, "Come and find us when you're done,"

"Fine," She took Isabella's luggage from her as the girl rushed to find the nearest restroom.

Once found, Isabella moved into one of the empty cabinets and flushed out all of the contents in her stomach- spending thirty minutes in there in summary.

"Oh!" She exclaimed, stretching herself, " That feels good," And hardly got out of the toilet when a little girl jolted into her.

"Sister! Sister!" the girl tugged on her clothing, "Help me, some evil men are after me,"

Isabella opted to ignore her knowing this was the airport filled with many dishonest people and scammers. Who knew who sent this one?

"Let go, who's your sister? " Isabella pulled free her clothes from her grasp and made to move when that girl grabbed her again. But this time, the girl who seemed to be around Neon's age, grabbed her leg and refused to let go.

"Sister, please," The girl pleaded "Save a soul in distress, those men are evil- I don't want to go with them. They don't treat me well, it's lucky that I escaped from them,"

Honestly, a one-third part of Isabella's heart was touched by her words but she was too cautious - this could be a trap.

"Alright, let go of me first," She tried to trick the girl but the little one was smarter than she looked.

"No sister, you're lying!" She tightened her grasp, whining.

Isabella looked around, people were pointing and giving her strange looks. This girl was set on making her life miserable.

"Fine, get up," Izzy gave in at last.

"No," she shook her head stubbornly.

"Stand up while I'm still being generous," She threatened through gritted teeth.

The girl gave Isabella a doubtful look, reluctantly letting go and standing to her feet. At that moment, her eyes caught the arrival of a group of men in suits, searching around for someone - her.

Oops, mom was going to skin her alive, Ailee thought - The fury of that woman was not to be underestimated!

Ailee hoped Allen had not been caught. They had an inkling their mom would track down their disappearance once reported, they just never surmised she would find them this quickly.

Their finding led to her being separated from Allen, her twin brother. The moment they arrived, lo and behold was their mom, looking like an angel of death in black clothing thoroughly with her entourage.

"Welcome," Was the only comment mom made and all hell broke loose as they made a run for it.

Finally, here she was, running for her life.

Isabella's brows raised when she saw the arrival of those men in black suits and the way the kid hid behind her - something was not right. These men looked nothing like kidnapers, if anything they were almost comparable to the guards her father always placed around her.

She had not fully assessed the situation when the girl grabbed her hand and ran in the direction of the restroom - Isabella allowed her to do so. Things just got interesting and she was going to see to the end of it.

Isabella had always been a smart kid and was able to figure out that the little girl was lying to her - neither was she a scammer. Using her own situation as a reference, Isabella was able to reckon that the kid was from a prominent family and was running from being captured back home. Well, she would play along.

"That was close," Ailee puffed, leaning against the kitchen sink while Isabella peered out through the door, checking the situation outside

"You," Isabella faced her, "What's your name?"

"Me?" She touched her chest.

"Yeah, you,"

"Ailee Armani Princess - II"

Isabella frowned, she didn't know any prominent family by that name but it couldn't be a coincidence that this little girl had the same surname as Reina, right?

"Big sis, what about you? What's your name?"

"Isabelle Spencer," she answered, moving to lean beside Ailee, "So.." Izzy started, "Tell me about those people, why are they chasing you? Don't you have a mommy?" Isabella tactically began her investigation.

Ailee gulped, licking her lower lips, why was this big sister suddenly questioning her with a smile on her face? That was the same thing grandfather does when he wants to snatch some information from her.

"Of course, I have a mommy," Ailee answered, making sure not to go into details. Moreover, mommy would admonish her if she were to give out information about her carelessly.

Isabella hid a smirk, "Who's your mommy?"

"Someone,"

"Yes, someone Of course. Who's that someone?" she pressed, almost losing her temper in the process - having no knowledge she was being played.

"Why are you so interested in my mommy? Do you want my mommy too?" Ailee asked her.

Isabella was taken aback by the situation, who was doing the questioning here? Well, maybe, this could be another opportunity...

She lowered herself to Ailee's height, plastering a rare smile - a smile used to lure naive kids, "Your mom must be a good person. What if I say yes? Would you let me have your mommy?"

Isabella thought she was winning when the girl gave her a sheepish grin - that came to an abrupt stop when she said, "No, I'm a jealous lover. It's already hard sharing mom with Allen, not to talk of you," Was her rejection.

At that moment, Isabella came to a shocking realization that she was dealing with a smart kid. How was she going to deal with Ailee? Give Neon ice cream and you buy him over, what would.... Wait a minute...

"You have a brother?" Isabella was surprised. If that was true and Reina turns out to be Maya who turns out to be their mother, wouldn't that mean she was married already? Else how would she have given birth to two children? How would Niklaus have a second chance with her?

"Oh, Allen?" Ailee shrugged, "He's my twin brother,"

Oh twin, what a huge relief.

Isabella used that opportunity to scrutinize Ailee intensely. Their hair color was not that different and if she could conjure what Maya looked like, this kid was not far behind from it.

Her heart raced, slamming against her chest with reverberating thuds. If her theory was right and Maya was truly alive, does this mean Ailee was her sibling? And her brother... wait, she had two siblings? H-how? W-what? She just didn't know how to express herself.

However, Isabella didn't rejoice yet. What if after all this excitement and expectations and Reina turns out to be truly Maya's lookalike? That would crush her. The only thing she could do now was to find the missing twin brother, who hopefully speaks her language and leads her to their mother.

"So, where's your brother ?"

Speaking of Allen...

The little boy somehow escaped his mom's security and made his way into one of the eateries. He could hide in here for a while or so he thought because the moment he turned around, a boy bumped into him- amid his attempt to evade the boy- and his ice cream slipped to the ground.

"Mommy!" The cry baby opened his mouth, bawling his eyes out.

"Stop crying so loud, you're hurting my ears. It's just ice cream. I'll get you another one," Allen enticed him but the boy shrieked further.

"Neon!" A woman rushed over to him, worry written all over her face, " What is it?" she panicked.

"My ice cream," Neon pointed to the mess on the ground and to the boy who stood watching them blankly.

"What did you do to him?" Jennifer focused heated orbs on Allen when her son wouldn't stop crying, "Did you hit him?"

Allen snorted, "Hit him? Why would I hit him? I don't waste my energy on crybabies,"

"He called me a crybaby?" Neon burst into more tears.

"Apologize!" Jennifer growled at him.

"I spoke the truth so why should I apologize? For him being a crybaby? He was the one who bumped into me because his entire concentration was on the ice cream. I would pay for the damage to his ice cream but I won't apologize for pointing out the truth," Allen declared boldly without blinking an eye.

"You rude child!" Jennifer saw red, raising her voice on him, " Who's your mother?! "

"I am,"